

THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME V.

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The Song of the Sea.

BY WILLIAM LUDLUM, JR.

MY papa brought me home a shell
And bid me hold it to my ear.
I did, and I can hardly tell,
It seemed to me so very queer.
I heard the ocean dash and roar,
And waves came breaking on the shore.

I heard the wind go rushing by,
The spatter of the falling spray,
The startled bathers' sudden cry,
The music from the far-off quay,
As plain as when I sometimes stand
Upon the beach's shining sand.

I took a good look at my shell
To see where hidden wires lay
That carried sound so very well
From ocean's shore so far away;
But though I searched with main and might,
No wires could I find in sight.

Again I held it to my ear,
Once more the sounds came plain to me,
The laughter from the distant pier,
The restless murmur of the sea;
And whispering of sea-breezes blown
Through mouthpiece of my shell-o-phone.

Now, though I live far from the sea,
I only have to lift my shell,
And from its depths there comes to me
The music of the ocean's swell.
Its mystery I can but guess,
The sound must come by wireless.

The Oak Bough.

BY ZELIA MARGARET WALTERS.

AN old tale of King Arthur's court tells
of a great knight who rode forth on
his adventures with a little lad be-
side him. The lad, whose name was Rayol,
loved the knight with all his heart. He
hoped to grow like him some day, but in
the mean time his happiness was in the little
services he could do his knight. When there
was a battle the boy had to stand by and
watch, and he grieved that he could not rush
in to help. But when the battle was over
he brought fresh water for his knight, he
set good food before him, and then he polished
the sword and armor, and looked to the lac-
ing of the helmet that all might be firm, and
ready for the next battle.

"I need not look to my armor any more,"
said the knight. "I know that Rayol has
attended to all as faithfully as if he were to
wear it."

"To-day," said Rayol, "I do small ser-
vices. Some day, perhaps, I can do a
great service. At least I shall be ready for
it if the time comes."

One day the knight set out to battle
against a wicked robber knight who held
fair ladies and knights prisoner in his dun-
geons. And Rayol rode after with a heavy
heart, for he had heard a whisper that



Photo by Mr. Ludlum.

"I heard the ocean dash and roar,
And waves came breaking on the shore."

witchcraft aided the wicked robber. He
knew that his good knight wielded a powerful
sword. But what avail were a sharp sword
and a strong arm against witchcraft?

"Yet, there must be some way for the
true-hearted to overcome foul witchcraft,"
thought Rayol. "We must try to find what
it is."

When they reached the castle the knight
took down the bugle that hung by the gate,
and blew a defiant blast upon it. The gate

swung open silently, showing the large bare
courtyard.

"It appears that I must go within to fight,"
said the knight. "Take my horse back into
the forest, and do you wait there for me.
Never fear, I shall conquer. I fear no evil
robber with all his wiles."

The knight strode in, and the gate shut.
Rayol took the horse, and tied it with his
own back of the thicket that grew high
across the way. Then he sat down to wait

anxiously. What was passing within those grim walls? Would his master be able to overcome, or would there be a company of the robber's allies to fall upon him, and slay him?

"Yet," thought Rayol, "I have seen him put his back to the wall, and defeat a dozen that set upon him to slay him. I will not despair."

Noon was past, and the sun going down toward the west. Still Rayol sat in his place, hidden by the thicket. Then he heard some one coming along the road. It was two women of wild and fearful aspect, and he immediately suspected them to be witches. They stopped before the castle gate, and his heart stood still, but they did not go in, and he breathed a little easier.

"Know you what is passing within?" said one in a voice as hoarse as a crow.

"Some mischief, I warrant?" croaked the other.

"Mischief, indeed," said the first. "A knight from the good king's court rode in to-day to fight the master of the castle. But the conflict has been delayed until this hour. For just before the sunset, when the shadow of yon oak passes over the top of the gate, all the arms in the castle turn useless and break to pieces, save the sword of the master of the castle, which remains strong and sharp. All other swords or spears or daggers break to pieces at a touch. It is a spell of witchcraft that is laid upon the place. Because of it the master of the place has won a victory over even the strongest knights that have come to punish him for his evil deeds. But the spell will work only while the shadow of the oak is over the top of the gate. It will be there in half an hour, and another knight of the good king will be slain, and none will know his fate."

"That is a fine spell!" cried the second speaker, and then they passed on, and out of sight over the top of the hill.

As soon as they disappeared, Rayol sprang from his place. A gnarled oak-tree stood at some distance from the gate. Its shadow lay long on the ground, reaching almost to the foot of the gate. A glance at the West showed the sun near setting. Rayol clasped the trunk, and worked his way up the tree. Never had tree climbing been such hard work before. When he could reach the first bough he was glad to stop a moment to breathe. Then he went up. He saw that only the topmost part of the tree could cast a shadow on the gate. He took out his dagger and began to cut it through. A great hawk flew at him again and again, and hindered him in his work, for he was forced to put his arm up to guard his eyes. He looked at the shadow, creeping along,—never had shadow seemed to move so fast. Another six inches, and it would be at the top of the gate. He could hear the sound of swords striking within the courtyard, and the derisive cry of the robber knight, who expected to win an evil victory in a moment. The bough was not half cut through. The shadow was within four inches, two inches. Rayol put his dagger in its case, and climbed above the cut place, until the slender bough began to bend with his weight. He heard the sharp crack of wood, and the next moment he lay on the ground below with the oak bough on top of him. The first sound he was conscious of was a triumphant shout in his own knight's voice. He raised his head and looked about. The sun had set, the oak bough was broken, even then the gates of the robber's castle were flung open.

Out came the good knight, and behind him marched the prisoners whom he had freed.

And when the knight heard the tale he said, "Courage and love in the heart will furnish the wit to do the thing that is needed."

For he knew that he could not have done his great deed save for the help of his little friend.

So runs the old knightly tale. I have seen boys grow enthusiastic over it, and cry, "If I had been there I'd have done that."

They will not have a chance to ride after a mailed knight, or to save any one from witchcraft in our good day. But the opportunity to help some one we love, and often to help them greatly, comes to every one of us in our lives. But do you know who it is that does these fine things? It is the one who is ready and waiting, as Rayol was, to do the little services. If he hadn't been ready to polish the armor, and carry water, and watch the horse, he wouldn't have been on hand for his great deed. That "All heroes are trained for heroism" is a true saying. The hero seems to have done his great deed all at once, but he has been getting ready for it all his life by being brave and kind every day in small matters that no one noticed. The shirk in the daily life is never the hero when the great moment comes. How many people must have missed their chance because they hadn't trained for it.

Get into training to-day, boys and girls. Just the things that you ought to do for parents, and teachers, and comrades is the training. Don't shirk any duty, and do all cheerfully and well. Then you will not miss your opportunity when it comes.

The Power of Love.

So much we miss,
If love is weak; so much we gain,
If love is strong; God thinks no pain
Too sharp or lasting to ordain
To teach us this.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

What For?

BY WINIFRED ARNOLD.

"WHAT are you doing there, Tom?" inquired Uncle Tom of his namesake one evening.

"Figuring out my efficiency schedule," answered Tom, looking up with shining eyes. "Mr. Chartley—he's the new principal, you know—has set all of us figuring out a schedule for ourselves. It's heaps of fun."

"Oh, yes," answered Uncle Tom, meditatively. "Efficiency. What's all this efficiency business for, Tom?"

"Why, it's scientific saving, Uncle Tom,—saving of time and strength and money and everything. I thought you knew all about such things. You're usually so up to date."

Uncle Tom smiled quietly. "But what are you saving for, Tom?" he persisted.

Tom looked puzzled. "Why, just saving," he answered. "That's enough, isn't it? You save for the sake of saving, don't you?"

"Some people do," answered Uncle Tom. "Take old Mr. Rand, who died the other day and left an estate that surprised everybody; he must have saved for the sake of saving, I suppose. He never seemed to get any other enjoyment out of the money he piled up, almost starving himself to do it."

"And a woman I know has given up house-keeping and gone to live in an apartment

house with a café, so as to save her time and strength, and she spends that time and strength she saved in shopping and going to more afternoon teas. Maybe just saving time or strength or money was worth while to these people, but some way I don't just see it myself. To my mind they would have been quite as well off spending them in the same old way—and perhaps better. That's why I want to know about you. When you've applied your efficiency to your studying and the jobs you do around home, and the time you spend on your toilet and all that, what are you going to do with your time-savings? Throw them away in getting bad habits of wastefulness, or invest them in something that later will give you big returns of health and strength, or knowledge, or efficiency in some other line?"

"Why, Uncle Tom," said Tom, shortly, "there's a great deal in that, isn't there? I'd never looked at it that way before. It's rather good sport now just saving time and motions and things just to see if you can, but I suppose it wouldn't be long before that side of it got rather stale. I wonder—"

"Think it over," said Uncle Tom, rising. "I'm working out the problem for myself, too. We'll talk about it again to-morrow night. I have to go out now."

When Uncle Tom came in for dinner the next night his nephew met him eagerly.

"I've got it," he shouted. "You know that for two years now I've wanted a boat to take the place of that old mud-scow of mine. Well, Bob Sawyer knows a place where we can send off and get instructions and put in our spare time this winter building a new one. What do you think of that? We might call her 'The Efficient.'"

"Fine," returned Uncle Tom, heartily. "I'll put in some of my time-savings on that, too, if you need any help. The name's good, too, or you might call her the 'What For!'"

My Jack Frost.

I LOOKED from my window one autumn morn,
Cold lay the earth 'neath the leaden sky;
Gay and laughing and rosy warm,
Little Jack Frost went tripping by.

With a cap of white on his golden head,
And a coat as white as a snowflake wee,
His laugh rang out like a silver bell,
As he waved his small pink hand at me.

The air was full of a stinging mist,
The fences gray with a chilly rime,
The dead leaves swung from the mother-oak,
And the shivering grasses, dry, kept time.

Oh, little Jack Frost, are you still abroad?
You have pinched all the leaflets on every tree,
You have kissed the flowers till they droop full low,
And now do you come to spy out me?

My little Jack Frost is no tricky elf;
'Neath his snowy coat beats a heart so true!
And I love the clasp of his small, warm arms,
And the dancing light in his eyes of blue.

Oh, chilling mist, you have taken wing,
The sunshine breaks from a clouded sky,
And June birds twitter, and brooklets laugh,
When my Jack Frost goes tripping by.

KATE L. BROWN.

Two Points of View.

THE GIRL.

I'm thankful for so many things,
'Tis hard to name them all:
I'm glad that I am not grown up,
But still am nice and small.

I'm thankful that I live to-day,
And not long, long ago
Before my dear mamma was born,
And all the friends I know.

I'm thankful for my little pets,
For every doll and toy.
And, oh, I'm thankful I'm a girl,
And not a horrid boy!

THE BOY.

I'm thankful that it doesn't rain,
So I can go and play;
I'm thankful that I'm growing big,
And bigger every day.

I'm thankful for a holiday,
For football, dogs, and skates,
For scouting and all sorts of things,
And for my own true mates.

I'm thankful for my jolly bike
And that my hair won't curl.
And, oh, I'm thankful every day
That I am not a girl!
ABBIE FARWELL BROWN.

The Rose Delaine.

BY EMMA FLORENCE BUSH.

BETTY was thinking very hard as she walked home from school. To-day Dorothy had invited her to an Old-fashioned Party, given in honor of her cousin Elizabeth, who, with her mother and grandmother, had come to visit her. Edith, who was Betty's chum, had told of the lovely dress her mother was going to make for her to wear; just like her aunt Mary's when she was a little girl.

Betty knew her mother had little time just now to sew, and she did not want to ask her to make a dress for her, just for the party; but what could she do? Her feet went rather slowly as she neared the house.

Grandma, sitting by the window, saw the lagging feet, and knew something was the matter.

"What is it, Betty dear?" she asked. Here was some one to tell all about it: Grandma, who was almost crippled with rheumatism, and always sat by the window knitting, as her hands were too twisted to sew.

Grandma sat thinking deeply for a few minutes, then she said, "Betty, you are a dear good girl to think of saving your mother, and I will tell you what I will do. Up in the attic, carefully laid away, is a dress of rose delaine. When I was a little girl, nine years old, mother made two: one for me, and one for my sister, to wear on our long journey West, over the Plains to California, where father was going to make his fortune, and took us all with him."

"Why, Grandma," said Betty, wonderingly, "I never knew you had a sister. Where is she now?"

Over Grandma's face a shadow fell.

"I will tell you the story," she said, "and why to me the rose delaine has always been too precious to throw away, and kept so carefully all these years.

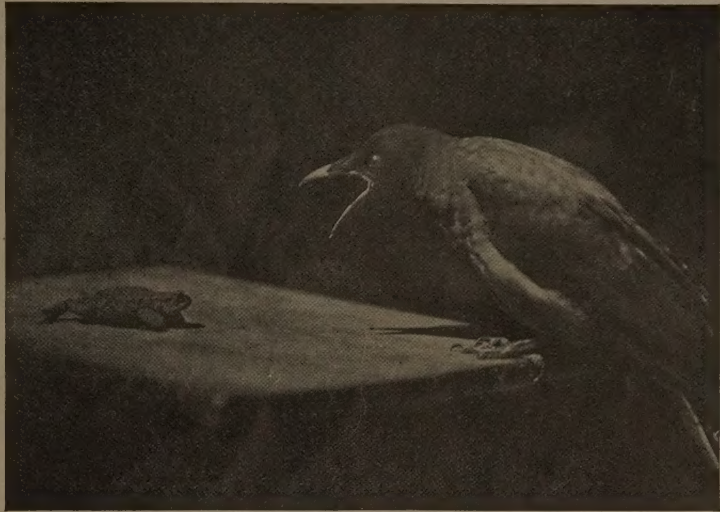


Photo by Kate Hecht.

AN INTRUDER.

"My sister was just one year older than I, to the very day. Mother made us these dresses to wear on our journey because they were warm and comfortable. We had a long, long journey, with four other families, and some single men, all on our way to the wonderful new West; and many a good time we had playing with the other children, and looking at all the new, strange things we saw on the way.

"One day when we were crawling along over the vast Plains, we were attacked by a small band of roving Indians. The men finally drove them away, but when it was all over my sister was nowhere to be found. We hunted everywhere, and at last knew she must have been carried away by the Indians and we would never see her again.

"We never heard of her afterward, but when we reached the end of our journey I begged mother to let me put the dress, so like my sister's, away, and keep it always to remember her by. I have kept it all these years, and now I will let you wear it to Dorothy's party."

The day of the party, Betty, carefully dressed in the rose delaine, with new rose-colored ribbons, tripped gaily off to Dorothy's, to meet Elizabeth.

Imagine Betty's surprise and amazement when she saw Elizabeth wearing a dress exactly like her own, only more stained and faded.

At the same moment Elizabeth's grandmother gasped, "Child, where did you get that dress?"

Dorothy's mother hurried them all into another room away from the curious and wondering children, and there Betty told the story of the rose delaine.

Then Elizabeth's Grandma told how when she was a little girl she crossed the Plains with her parents and little sister, how the Indians came and captured her, only to be defeated and killed in a battle with a large band of settlers a few days later. She told of the long search of the people who rescued her to find her parents, and how finally one of the families adopted her, and when they went East again, some years later, took her with them; and through it all, wherever she went, she always carried with her the one memory of her parents and sister,—the rose delaine dress.

"And," said Elizabeth, "when I had nothing to wear to Dorothy's party, Grandma let me wear this. Oh, how glad I am we came. Now your Grandma and mine will find each other and be happy again."

It did not take many minutes after the stories were told for Elizabeth's Grandma to go with Betty home to where her Grandmother sat patiently in the window, and it was indeed a happy reunion of the two sisters lost for so many weary years.

Elizabeth's Grandma did not go back with Elizabeth and her mother, but made a long, long visit at Betty's house, and to-day Betty and Elizabeth keep among their choicest treasures, the little dresses of rose delaine.

Persistent Effort.

BY EUGENE C. DOLSON.

THIS not alone through skill and strength
That boys attain to honor's place;
On the long up-hill road at length
Persistent effort wins the race.

Ted and the Woodpile.

"I'll be glad when I get that whole pile of wood in. Then I'll be through with it, won't I, mother?"

"No, Ted. You know I shall want you to carry out the ashes after the wood is burned up," answered mother.

"Then I'll be through with it, mother?"
"No, I think not," answered mother, while Ted's eyes grew big with wonder. "You will scatter the ashes on the cornfield, and father will plow them in in the spring. Then you will help him plant the corn, you know. The corn will grow, eating the ashes and ground about it, and by and by you will eat the sweet corn."

"Oh, we'll sort of eat the wood ourselves, and that will be the end of the old woodpile."

"Not quite," said mother. "There will be cobs left, and stalks of corn. We may feed them to the pigs or to the cows, and that will give us meat or milk."

"Well, I never knew before that there was so much in a woodpile," said Ted.

Exchange.

THE BEACON

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From the Editor to You.

Telling the Truth.

There is a delightful book about a child written by Mrs. J. H. Ewing, named "The Story of a Short Life." In it the author represents the boy Leonard as standing beside his father's chair, telling him in an excited fashion something which had happened when he was out walking with Jemima, one of the maids. The father could not understand what the boy was trying to say. Leonard declared that "mother told him," but mother could not remember anything about the matter. So the father thought the boy was trying to deceive him. "If that woman Jemima has taught you to tell untruths," he began, but the mother interrupted him. "Leonard never tells untruths, Rupert. Please do not frighten him into doing so."


That little lad's heart must have swelled with pride at his mother's confidence in his word. Just to gain it, and be worthy of it, would not any boy or girl take pains to be very careful in speech, telling the exact truth about any occurrence? There are many temptations to deceive. Some come from fear of consequences. Leonard's mother saw that he might be frightened into saying something not quite true. Sometimes the temptation comes from the desire to please. One ought to want to please; but we must all learn to do so, not by saying what is not true, but by being silent when there is no need to speak, or telling the truth when we must speak in as kind a way as possible.

Shall we take for the prayer which shall help us to be very careful in our speech the words of our Bible? "O Lord, guard the door of my lips."

Sunday School News.

THE First Church of Philadelphia reports an enrollment of 55 pupils with a good average attendance. The superintendent, Miss Elizabeth Johnson, writes that the classes for young men and young women are full of zeal, the men devoting their time to church history. A Hallowe'en party was given by the younger classes of the schools, managed entirely by themselves.

Mr. Edward H. Letchworth, the superintendent of the school of the First Church, Buffalo, N.Y., reports a fine beginning of the year's work, a total attendance of 146 and 133 being the record for the first two Sundays in October. Six fine men teachers take care of all classes of boys and young men, except the youngest boys. Six members of the faculty are graduates of a college or professional school. The curriculum has been




THE BEACON CLUB

MOTTO: Let your light shine.

MEMBERSHIP FEE: One good letter for this corner.

BADGE: Club Button, sent on receipt of letter.



Letters must be written on *only one side* of the paper. Address, THE BEACON CLUB, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

IN one week we have added sixteen new members to our Club. Surely a fine beginning for the new year! Watch us grow! Our first letter is from a little girl in the First Unitarian Sunday School of Pittsburgh, and tells its own story:

PITTSBURGH, PA.,
424 Lloyd Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—I have gone to this Sunday school since I was a baby. I have been interested in *The Beacon* since I learned to understand.

Sincerely,

JANE BOREN.
(8 years.)

WILKINSBURG, PA.,
420 Ella Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to Sunday school every Sunday. I received four stars for being there every Sunday during the last four months of last year. I am now studying about the Israelites and I learn a verse every Sunday. I am learning three for next Sunday. I think they are very interesting.

I get *The Beacon* every Sunday and my father or my brother reads it to me.

Your sincere friend,

HARRY W. GOODWIN.

EASTPORT, ME.,
16 Third Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—I have been going to the Unitarian Church for seven years and have only missed a few Sundays. I am twelve years old. My teacher's name is Miss Raye. I like her very much. I live on an island in the most eastern part of United States. We had a lovely Sunday-school picnic. We played on the beach and had a nice ride in a team. I will write again some time about what we do here. I hope I receive a button for this letter.

Good-by,

from your friend,

SADIE LEWIS.

SOMERVILLE, MASS.,
222 Highland Avenue.

Dear Miss Buck,—I would like to become a member of the Beacon Club. I go to the First Unitarian Sunday school. I like to do the enigmas in *The Beacon*. I belong to the Wabwahtaysee Camp-Fire and also the Clover Club. They are both organizations of the Sunday school. We have good times in our class. My teacher's name is Miss Carrie Frost. Our Sunday school has a social every month.

PAULINE DODGE.
(Age 12.)

carefully revised. As formerly, manual work is carried on, with an efficient director in charge. There is also graded work in Social Service under a director in social service and a committee from the faculty acting in connection with "Neighborhood House."

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA XIII.

I am composed of 20 letters.

My 2, 3, 4, is not old.

My 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, is used in sweeping.

My 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, is opposite of dirty.

My 11, 12, 13, 14, is to mourn.

My 17, 3, 10, 15, is opposite of more.

My 5, 1, 2, is to hinder.

My 6, 7, 8, 9, is part of a house.

My 4, 3, 2, is a swelling.

My 6, 7, 19, 9, is to wander.

My 9, 7, 1, 2, is to groan.

My 17, 18, 19, 20, is not fat.

My whole is an old saying.

M. B.

TWISTED BIBLICAL NAMES.

1. Roana.
2. Litogah.
3. Misone.
4. Ptjehah.
5. Hoderab.
6. Genodi.
7. Manihehe.
8. Sejse.

FANNY RICHARDSON.

A CHARADE.

My first is large and round and white;
My second goes away at night;
My whole then makes the darkness light,
And sometimes it is very bright.

St. Nicholas.

A TOUR AROUND THE WORLD IN FORTY MINUTES.

(Cities.)

1. A kind of table or desk.
2. A kind of carpet.
3. Twenty-four hours and a weight.
4. Not tight enough.
5. The President in office in 1812.
6. A binding for books.
7. Cattle and a house.
8. To wander.
9. A kind of cardboard.
10. A vital organ of the body and a body of water.
11. Wild animals.
12. How she announced that her mother was going abroad.
13. The body of a ship.
14. A president who was assassinated.
15. A bell that is well tied.

HERMANN H. HOWARD.

CURTAILMENTS.

1. Curtail a twist, and leave two of the same age.
2. Curtail to turn aside, and leave to affirm.
3. Curtail a confusion, and leave an infant.
4. Curtail one exclamation, and leave another.
5. Curtail unsubstantial, and leave to ventilate.
6. Curtail a division of a city, and leave strife.
7. Curtail necessity, and leave pale.
8. Curtail pay, and leave a wit.

The Myrtle.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 5.

THE BISHOP OF OXFORD'S RIDDLE.—Part II.
16. Temples. 17. Arms. 18. Vanes (Veins). 19. Crown. 20. Palette (Palate). 21. Shoulder Blades. 22. L-bows (Elbows). 23. Inn-steps (Insteps). 24. Pupils. 25. Ayes and Noes. 26. Tendons. 27. Gum. 28. Skull (Skull). 29. Bridge. 30. Organs.
ENIGMA X.—Nicholas Nickleby.

Contributions have been received from Fanny Richardson, Waverley, Mass.; Mildred H. Lanman, Plymouth, Mass.; Katherine Barnes and Elizabeth Tolles, Nashua, N.H.; and Carrie Zobbeck, Hobart, Ind.